

Holy-Tides.

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Holy-Tides:

Seven Songs

of

Advent

Ascend

Christmas

Easter

Epiphany

Whitsun

Trinity

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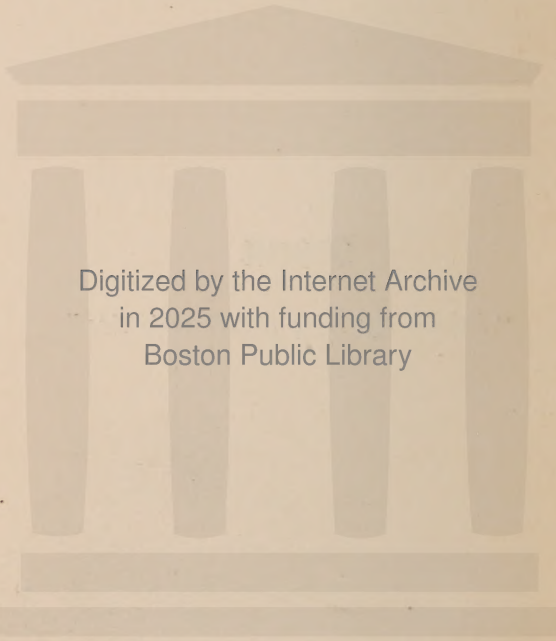
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The Days of Evangel appear
In old, blessed order of seven:
The Week of the Lord in the year,
The Times of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Advent

“ Behold, thy King cometh unto thee ”



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Advent

PREPARE! Make place! The King of
Heaven comes down!

Straighten a path his awful feet may tread.
Look, where He leaves the glory of his crown
A Star flames forth, and follows overhead!

Oh, He is near, and how to make Him room?

Where shall his palace, his abiding, be?

How cleave the mountain, clear the jungle gloom?

Where raise his Throne, that all the world may
see?

Ah, with his pomp of angels overmuch,

If on this little earth of ours He stand,

Shall not the invading Heaven with the touch

Solve to their atoms all its sea and land?

We cannot bear thy Presence ! From our coasts,
That may not hold Thee, Mighty One, depart !
O blind, sin-scared ! How is He *Lord of Hosts*,
But by his home with every human heart ?


He cometh, — always is his Advent so, —
Born a new Saviour in our weakest need,
Our humblest waiting : would we only know,
Life's barest is his Bethlehem indeed !

Spirit of man, want-wearied, plague-bestead :
What sign, what message, could be clearer, stran-
ger ?
Cleanse but the place wherein the beasts have fed,
And the sweet Christ shall cradle in the manger.

Christmas

*"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt
among us."*

Christmas

HAT is the Christ of God ?

It is his touch, his sign, his making known,
His coming forth from out the all-alone ;
The stretching of a rod

Abloom with his intent,
From the invisible. He made worlds so,
And souls, whose endless life should be to know
What the worlds meant.

Christ is the dear "I Am,"
The Voice that the cool garden stillness brake,
The Human Heart to human hearts that spake
Long before Abraham.

The word, the thought, the breath, —
All chrism of God that in creation lay, —
Was born unto a life and name this day :
Jesus of Nazareth !

With man whom He had made
God came down side by side. Not from the skies
In thunders, but through brother-lips and eyes,
His messages He said.

Close to our sin He leant,
Whispering, “ Be clean ! ” The High, the Awful-Holy,
Utterly meek, — ah ! infinitely lowly, —
Unto our burden bent

The might it waited for.

“ Daughter, be comforted. Thou art made whole.

Son, be forgiven through all thy guilty soul.

Sin, suffer ye, no more !

“ O dumb, deaf, blind, receive !

Shall He who shaped the ear not hear your cry ?

Doth He not tenderly see who made the eye ?

Ask me, that I may give !

“ O Bethany and Nain !

I show your hearts how safe they are with me.

I reach into my deep eternity

And bring your dead again !


“ My kingdom cometh nigh.
Look up, and see the lightening from afar ;
Over my Bethlehem behold the Star
Quickening the eastward sky !

“ From end to end, alway,
The same Lord, I am with you. Down the night,
My visible steps make all the mystery bright.
Lo ! it is Christmas Day ! ”

Epiphany

*"To make all men see what is the fellowship
of the mystery"*

Epiphany

“ET there be light !” The viewless dust unsphered

That seethed and surged in dark immensity
A glowing Ocean at the word appeared,
God’s visible Thought : his first Epiphany.

Yet were they “*waters*,” that pervaded space, —
Fluent, unformed ; there was no here nor there,
No centre, orbit, emptiness, nor place ;
Relation was not ; all was everywhere.

“ Divide ! ” The second word compelling went :
The flames took shape of worlds that were to be ;
Earths had their paths, and heaven its firmament ;
Law followed Light : the next Epiphany.

Then, all that After-Week of work sublime
 Made lives of Life, from simplest seed to man ;
God, through his æons of uncounted time,
 Breathing Himself into his infinite plan.

Life was the last, the motive, end, and crown ;
 Completing joy of all that had to be.
The Lord but built his ladder to come down
 To sense and soul : his full Epiphany.

Light, Law, and Life, — these his part ; we had
 ours, —

 To see, obey, receive : then it were done.
Joined were the Absolute and committed powers ;
 Being and Will in heaven and earth were one.

Alas ! sense dulled, soul died. God's lovely Throne,
With Tenderness in midst, unchanging stood ;
His Order pulsed with Presence ; to his own
He came, He spake ; no creature understood.

Therefore thus said He, and in Love He smiled :
They cannot learn the Father : I will be
Even at once the Father and the Child ;
Descend, be lifted : so they all may see !

Down into my own earthly I will come,
Unto my Law my own Obedience be ;
To this far people, blind, and deaf, and dumb,
In their own flesh, make my Epiphany !

The Eternal Truth became the lowly Way ;
 Selfsame unto the shaping of a sun,
The quickening of a soul ; in yesterday,
 To-day, and always, the Christ-labor one.

The Gospel of the Peace is self-proclaimed,
 The Atonement proved : no other under heaven
Can gospel be, and by no name be named
 But "God with us," the Saviour He hath given.

Self put away, and put away the sin ;
 The Glory shown, and followed the Behest ;
Then Life, that waits its tide-way, doth set in,
 And in all lives is God made manifest.



Lent

“ He repenteth Him of the evil ”

Lent

THE WILDERNESS

MADE Flesh, baptized in Jordan, straightway
led, —

Ay, word of lovely stress !—

By Spirit-might upon Him newly shed,

“Up” to the wilderness.

Up into hunger, weariness, and strife,

All earthly want to know ;

To take our struggle into his infinite life,

That He might help us so.

Yes, even to touch our sin ; to feel the press

And urging of desire, —

Our very grandeur chafed with littleness,

That strikes unholy fire.

To bear our human, through temptation, high
To God's own will and mind,
Where, strong with Strength Eternal, it can cry
"Satan! Get thee behind!"

Think you that just those forty days He kept
For his share of our fast? —
Think you the tears at Bethany He wept
Were Pity's first and last?

No thing He ever did for once and all :
Each single, bounded deed
Was dear, unstraitened promise, to forestall
Our every hap and need.

Turn from your evil to his holy Face :

Be sorry for your wrong.

He too repents : beforehand with his grace,

Has sorrowed for you long.

He sends rebuking that He may remit :

His love is in your pain ;

Scourging you homeward, where you still may sit

Safe at his feet again.

Go up into your wilderness with Him !

He knows its tangle wild, —

The secret of its desert-places dim, —

And walks there with his child.

He marks each flinty footstep of your way,
Each blank where earth denies,
For sweet requitals when you walk one day
With Him in Paradise.

THE GARDEN

The Son of man is Inmost of the man ;
Quick of his being : Christ in him doth dwell.
God's seed remaineth, whence the life began, —
Shaming corruption, undetained of hell.

Behind all wrong, soul of each soul, it waits,
Bruised with the outer life's iniquity ;
Scourged with its passions, wounded with its hates,
Sorrowing to death in its Gethsemane.

Yes ! Even crucified, it doth arise

With print of spear and nail in side and hand,
And lifting to the Father yearning eyes,

Before the Throne our advocate doth stand.

So in the Great Redemption have we part ;

The Holy Sacrifice is made within :

The Blood of Christ is shed in every heart

Whose living depth repents of its dead sin !

Easter

*"Christ is risen from the dead, and become
the first-fruits of them that slept"*

Easter

DO saints keep holyday in heavenly places ?
Does the old joy shine new in angel faces ?
Are hymns still sung the night when Christ was
 born,
And anthems on the Resurrection morn ?

Because our little year of earth is run, ,
Do they keep record there beyond the sun,
And in their homes of light so far away
Mark with us the sweet coming of this day ?

What is their Easter ? For they have no graves.
No shadow there the holy sunrise craves, —
Deep in the heart of noontide marvellous
Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With his own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone;
With face and mien all tenderly the same,
Unto the very sepulchre He came.

Ah, the dear message that He gave her then,
Said for the sake of all bruised hearts of men!
“Go, tell those friends who have believed on me
I go before them into Galilee!

“Into the life so poor, and hard, and plain,
That for a while they must take up again,
My presence passes! Where their feet toil slow,
Mine, shining-swift with love, still foremost go!

“Say, Mary, I will meet them. By the way
To walk a little with them. Where they stay
To bring my peace. Watch ! for ye do not know
The day, the hour, when I may find you so !”

And I do think, as He came back to her,
The many mansions may be all astir
With tender steps that hasten in the way,
Seeking their own upon this Easter Day.

Parting the veil that hideth them about,
I think they do come, softly wistful, out
From homes of heaven, that only *seem* so far,
And walk in gardens where the new tombs are !

Whitsun

“ Now the Lord is that Spirit ”

Whitsun

LIFE in Himself the Father hath, alone ;
Life in Himself He giveth to the Son :
And God the Lord is glorified in One.

“Believest thou the Father ? Then in Me
Also believe. From our deep Unity
The Life itself shall enter into thee.”

So spake the King : and, lifted to his Throne,
Seemed to be parted even from his own.
Yet had He said, “I leave you not alone.”

There came a Day, when mightily the Word
Spake through his servants, and much people heard,
And with strange thrill their listening spirits stirred.

“In every tongue !” So did they, wondering, say.
Was the speech various ? I tell thee, Nay !
But Truth, to souls, with one Voice, sped straight-
way !

Some cried, It is new wine ! The wine was new !
As when in Cana men the water drew,
And the great gift but they who bare it knew !

The twelve said tenderly, The Presence lost
Comes with the first-fruits. It is Pentecost !
And Peter stood, and preached the Holy Ghost.

—— The Lord his holy Temple is within !
Men's hearts, — rebuked of earthliness and sin.
By this dear sign, his Kingdom doth begin !

Henceforth we know. What grace each soul receives
Is not far alms a far-off Master gives :
It is Himself, who with us loves and lives !——


Oh, man may doubt a God in heaven above ;
A God in Christ may wilfully disprove :
He dare not doubt his own heart-truth and love !

Foolish and blind ! Forgiven ye may gainsay
The Father ; and the Son of man, his Way ;
But not the Life, that came on Whitsun Day !

Trinity

*“ The Name of The Father, and of The Son,
and of The Holy Ghost. And lo! I
am with you alway ”*

Trinity

UR God, the Lord, is glorious One :
Not separated, sole, —
Mere centre whence the circles run, —
But Unit of the Whole.

Thought is but one : the Truth sublime
Doth every knowledge hold :
Yet spell we little at a time ;
Language is manifold.

And if we say "The Trinity,"
In speech but just begun,
It is not that we think of Three,
But in three ways of One.

The Might Supreme from Sinai spoke ;
And where the Presence burned,
And thunders from the mountain broke,
Israel her Monarch learned.

Yet dearer word Jehovah kept
For a more blessed hour ;
In sweeter syllables it slept
Within the Name of power.

God swept in unclothed glory by,
And did his servant hide :
The Christ of Nazareth tenderly
Stands at our very side.

“So long time with you I have been,”
Said Jesus to their quest ;
“Yet have ye known Me not, nor seen
The Father manifest ?

“Now to my greater Self I go :
From earth I must ascend,
That deeper, nearer, ye may know
The Spirit I shall send.

“The Father giveth in my Name ;
From Him, I do bestow
The Holy Ghost, Who, as a flame,
Shall all things touch and show.

"I must be with you, and within :
Your souls that I have loved
Of judgment, righteousness, and sin
Inly must be reprov'd.

"It is the last : baptize and teach
In sign of Holy Three, —
Father, and Son, and Spirit : each
Still testifieth Me."

Our God his Glory uttereth
As shines in heaven his sun :
He is, — He comes, — He quickeneth :
The Life Divine is One.

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